



## MAINE FARMER

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

## DYING ORCHARDS.

It seems to us that, in our vicinity at least, there is some trouble in our orchards of apple trees, both old and young, that requires careful attention. We have noticed, during the present summer, an unusual number of dying trees. Some that we have examined in different towns, which had leaved out apparently well in the spring, and even had apples upon them half grown, have withered and are dead. In some cases, perhaps only a single limb is in this predicament; in others, half are dead, and in others, the whole tree is gone. In one that we examined, half of the tree was dying, as above described. Down below it, or half way down the trunk, was a large patch of dead bark. It readily cleaved off, and disclosed the fact that no alburnum, or new wood, had been formed during the past year. This dead patch extended half way around the trunk; the remainder was alive and apparently healthy. Now this condition of things must have been owing to injury from insects or the weather. We could find no insect or marks of any. If it was the effect of frost or winter, why was that patch killed and not the rest?

We wish the several Societies among us—Pomological, Horticultural and Agricultural—would take hold of this subject and make it a matter of special research, and ascertain, if possible, the cause of the evil and its remedy. Appoint committees to examine the several orchards within their respective territories and jurisdictions, and make thorough and actual examinations of the dead and dying. Pull them up and examine, from root to terminal bud, the whole system. Inquire into the treatment and history of appearance—ascertain all the facts possible, and let us see if the plague cannot be stayed.

If this apple tree mortality goes on, many now very valuable orchards will become extinct. If the disease were confined to the old settlers it would not be so bad, but it seems to be general, and young trees as well as old ones are suffering alike.

## SMALL FRUIT ORCHARDS.

We do not mean by this term, orchards that will produce small apples. These, like small potatoes, are not so desirable. We wish by it, to call the attention of our readers to the fact, that from this time until winter is a good time to obtain and set out strawberry, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry, grape, and such like plants and shrubs.

Those of you who have but little land, can thus furnish yourselves with orchards that will soon come into bearing, and with but comparatively little expense of time and labor keep in bearing, and for a series of years supply you with their wholesome and delicious fruits in abundance.

The improvements that have been made by fruit culturists and nurserymen in the several varieties of these fruits within a few years, are very great, and it costs but little more to obtain these improved sorts than it does those of the more common or unimproved kinds. The peculiarity of their growth is also such that, when once obtained, they are very easily multiplied, so that, by a very little care and pains, a small stock can in a few years be extended to a large one, if you should wish so to do. See to it this fall, and make a beginning of a small fruit orchard. It will repay a little next season, and abundantly the next.

## SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.

The tomato season has arrived. Probably no product of the garden is made to undergo more modifications or turned into more culinary preparations than this. Among the thousand and one recipes for cooking and preserving the tomato. The following, for making a sweet pickle of them, which is new to us, we take from the Country Gentleman:

One peck of green tomatoes, sliced; six large onions, sliced; throw a teaspoonful of salt over them; let them remain over night; drain off in the morning; then take two quarts of water and one of vinegar, boil them in it fifteen or twenty minutes; after boiling, put them into a sieve to drain; then take four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of whole mustard seed, two table spoonfuls of ground allspice, some of cloves, common ginger and mustard, roll it out very thin on buttered tin sheets, put all in a kettle and cook fifteen minutes slowly, and you will pronounce them capital.

## ANOTHER PROFITABLE FLOCK.

A recent Farmer gives us the production and increase of some smart flocks of sheep. Such accounts serve to give farmers that some branches of "farming will pay."

J. W. Starkey of Vassalboro', informs me that he bought 15 sheep last fall, for \$45.50, (14 at \$3.10 and 1 at \$3.50), from which he raised and sold 18 lambs, at \$3 each, \$54.00  
77 lbs. wool, at 40c., 30.80  
Cost of sheep, \$45.50  
Leaving an income of \$39.30

These lambs were sold June 6th. The sheep were wintered on hay, with 5 or 6 bushels of mangold wurtzels and about 2 bushels of grain. Now, will not others of our successful farmers tell us of their luck in stock, or any of the various branches of farming? We want such information, from reliable sources, as shall convince the grumbling farmers that, with the eye open, they can make farming pay, sure. S. N. T.

FARMER'S CRISP GINGERBREAD. Take two cups of butter, two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, two spoonfuls of soda dissolved in four table spoonfuls of milk, and two table spoonfuls of ginger; flour to make it stiff enough to roll out; roll it out very thin on buttered tin sheets, and mark it in squares; bake in a quick oven.

## CLIMATE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

Mr. Editor:—I have collected already for your readers some items indicating that the West does not hold out any very special inducements for our agriculturists to migrate thither, for the reason that its climate is so much less cold than ours. I now proceed to gather a few items to show it not greatly ahead in other respects of temperature, for the mere sinking of the thermometer are not by any means all the noticeable manifestations of temperature. The searching of a green leaf by the sunbeam, no less than the nipping of it by the frost, is one of such manifestations; so is disease in vegetation; so is even a drowning freshet from rain, not less than a severe months' burial in snow. Here it is proper to note that, at the West a good deal more than with us, much seems to depend for a bountiful crop upon the mildness of the winters—a January freeze there, is about as injurious as an April one here. But to my items.

In Indiana, throughout the month of February, 1852, the weather was freezing almost every night which kept vegetation entirely dead. During March of the same year, there were frequent changes from summer heat to winter cold within a few hours, the severe frost about the middle of the month greatly injured the fruit buds which had been previously swelled by the warm weather. On some trees, they were entirely killed. The white lilies were killed to the ground. May was remarkable for cold, drizzling rains. So the corn crop, also grass and small grain were exceedingly backward. July was remarkable for its long drought and its drying winds, which parched vegetation to such a degree that corn and buckwheat were not half an average crop. In December, the amount of damage done by frosts was the greatest ever known in that part of the country. All farmers near the water-courses suffered. Many fields had not a rail left on them, much of the soil was taken off, and large tracts were covered with sand and gravel to such a depth as to render them entirely unfit for cultivation.

In May, 1853, the wheat was materially injured by the fly. The most remarkable feature of June, was its great drought and severe heat, causing the crops to suffer much. July brought a very short yield of oats, and about half a crop of flax. October was remarkable for its extreme drought, also on account of its great coldness. The late corn was much frost-bitten, and the pastures were mostly dried up.

January, 1854, was remarkable for its extreme and sudden changes. From 9 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, till the same hour of the 6th, the mercury fell 40 degrees. From 12 o'clock, noon, on the 20th, till sunrise the next morning, it fell 32 degrees. After the ground was naked, the cold became so great as to dry up the wheat.

In February, owing to the nakedness of the ground, the grain suffered greatly. In March the changes were very severe, so that vegetation was checked, and brought to a stand. At the end of June, there was a general prospect for a light crop of wheat, owing to winter-killing, and the ravages of the fly. July was remarkably warm. Vegetation of all kinds suffered severely. Corn blades curled up so much in the day that there was not dampness enough at night to unfold them. The wheat crop was very light. There were a number of deaths from sun-stroke. In August, the want of rain injured the corn very much. The pastures were almost dried up. The buckwheat crop was a failure. In September, the intense heat, combined with the extreme dryness, left but little appearance of green in the fields. The buckwheat was burned so that it ceased to bloom. The apple on the south side of many trees cooked in the sun; and in some places the forest trees died. October showed the apple and potato crops to be failures.

In January, 1855, the drifting snow obstructed the railroads in some places for nearly two weeks, and some hundreds of passengers were almost killed with cold and hunger. The great snowstorm on the night of the 20th, was very remarkable, and the thunder-storm of the 21st still more so. In March, vegetation was very backward, making little or no progress. A few buds swelled, but not a green leaf could be found. July was rainy beyond any month within remembrance. The amount of grain injured, the difficulty of sowing the harvest, and the quantity of hay lost and damaged, had not been equalled in twenty years. September also was very rainy. Sickens, consisting of chills and fever, typhus and other fevers prevailing throughout the West to an extent hitherto unknown.

May, 1856, was singularly dry. A rain came near the middle, after which it again became so dry that the corn dried up in the ground, and the apple-blossoms fell off, so that there could not be a very light crop. In June, the very dry weather continued, and completed the destruction of many crops. Many trees, both in orchards and forests, died from the hard winter and the excessive drought. In July, crops of all kinds, except wheat, promised a poor yield. Corn would probably fall short at least forty per cent. In August, the pastures were in a great measure dried up. There was not a vestige of green in the stubble fields.

Yours truly,  
S. DILL.

Phillips, Me., July 26th, 1860.

## CUTTING GRAIN.

It is a practice with many farmers to let their grain stand till fully ripe, or till it is dry enough to put in the barn the same day. We consider this not the best way. All grain should be cut as soon as the straw has turned white, and before it dries. The grain will be much better, and so will be the straw. Our practice always has been to cut in the forenoon, bind and stack in the afternoon. One accustomed to it can put up grain so that the most severe storms will do it but little injury. The millers tell us that a majority of the grain they handle is injured after being put into the barn before threshing, or in the bin. A hot brick or stone is often put into the middle of a large bin, and is said to have a good effect in preserving the wheat from must.—N. H. Journal.

Plowmen. Farmers often plow when they have the time to spare, regardless of the soil. A heavy clay soil should be plowed in the fall, that the frosts of winter may pulverize it.

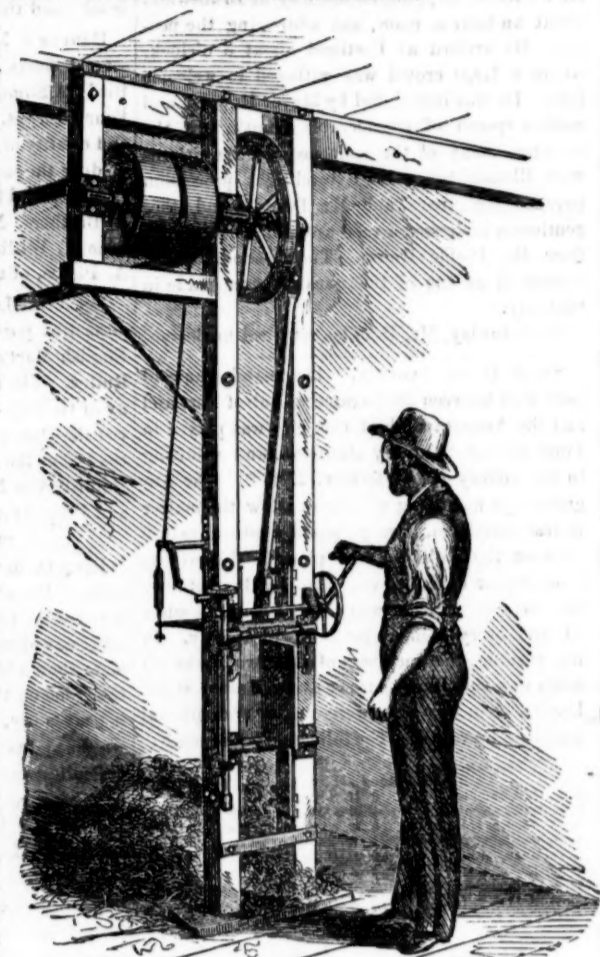
## Wooden Hair. Grant's Excelsior Machine.

It has been an object, for several years past, to find out some easy and expeditious mode of working wood into threads, or filaments, to be used as a substitute for straw in filling beds or mattresses. At one time, birch was stripped with a knife, by hand, for this purpose. This was a slow process, and the strips, or strands, thus obtained were not of uniform thickness or width. Afterward, a hand-plane was used; this did a little better, but still it was a slow and laborious work.

Last winter, Mr. F. T. Grant, a young machinist of this city, turned his attention to the subject, and his experiments and studies resulted in a very simple and efficient machine which accomplishes the work in perfection. We present you with an engraving of the machine in full operation. We should need several diagrams in order to explain its operation in detail. The principles of its operation, however, are a vertical or up-and-down plane with the knife-points placed vertically and at right angles to the plane-iron. The stick, or block of wood to be operated upon, is also placed vertically between feeders, which press upon each end, holding it in place and so geared as to feed up to the plane as the shavings are taken off. At each movement of the plane-iron takes off a thin shaving and the vertical knives slit into thin filaments. The size of these filaments can be regulated, by gauging the plane and the slitting knives. You can make them as coarse as cod-lines or fine as horse-hair. Indeed, the mass, as it lies piled up loosely, looks for all the world like a lot of white horse-hair, and it is curious to see, what at one moment is a block of solid wood, the next the same substance converted into a pile of fine curled fiber, so soft and elastic as to make an excellent bed, inviting to sleep and pleasant dreams, provided, nevertheless, you have sound health and a good conscience.

The uses to which this wooden hair can be put are many, and will multiply as it becomes better known. It now sells readily for filling beds—it being clean, elastic and healthy. The wood mostly used is the common poplar, although any wood may be used. It is said, if some of the cedar fiber be mingled with the other, that an unwelcome intruder called the "bed bug," will not come near. If this be the case, it is a cheap mode of keeping such villainous bedfellows "out of the ring."

Mr. Grant has obtained a patent for his machine, and manufactures them in this city for the use of those who may order. These machines are manufactured only by the patentee. They are made either double or single. A single machine, with one knife, will cut 500 lbs. per day, while the double machines, which are calculated for large factories, will cut three times as much in a day, requiring but one-third more power. The single machines are sold for \$100 each, and the double ones for \$200. Mr. Grant has already disposed of the right to let the machines in the city of New York, for \$1000. Other parties in different parts of the country, engaged in the manufacture of Excelsior fillings, are negotiating for the purchase of machines. Several of them are now in operation in this city, and Mr. Grant is manufacturing them for other parties who have ordered them.



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## HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves—  
With our scythes and rakes to-day,  
And the new green big, as the picker leaves,  
September 23, 27, and 29, 1860.  
His lift in the sweet ring hay.

O ho! a field for the mower's scythe,  
Hath a ring of as destiny,  
Sweeping the earth of its burden life,  
As is sung in wondrous lay.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes  
Of the yellow and bearded grain,  
And the dash of our sickles light illumines  
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

At one, we come with a steed drawn car—  
The cunning of modern laws;  
And acres steep to be exhibited to mortals,  
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits,  
From the shrub, the vine and tree,  
With their rust, and golden, and purple suits,  
To garish our treasury.

And each has a juicy treasure stored,  
All beneath its painted rind,  
To cheer our guests at the social board,  
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—the goodly store—  
But not with the miser's lust;  
For that great All Father we adore,  
Hath but given it in trust.

And our work of death is but for life,  
In the wintry days to come—  
Then, a blessing upon the reaper's strife,  
And a shout at this Harvest home.

## THE CULTIVATION OF NATIVE GRAPES.

The following is Mr. E. A. Brackett's report to the Fruit Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in relation to the cultivation of our native grapes. Mr. Brackett is one of the most successful growers of the grape in this vicinity.

"To your request that I would communicate to my method of cultivating our native grapes, particularly the Diana, the nature of the soil, system of training, &c., I cheerfully reply, not that I expect to throw any new light on the subject, or that my mode will be found to differ very materially from that of others. The growing interest felt in this department, the certainty that it must continue to occupy a prominent position in the horticultural art, assures me that the experience of any one, however simple, may be of service.

My little vineyard is situated on a side hill, facing the west, and protected on the north by a belt of pine woods. I should have preferred a more southern or eastern aspect. The soil is a loam, with what would be called a strong one; it consists of from four to six inches of turf mould, with a reddish subsoil about two feet deep, resting upon a bed of blue gravel. In preparing for the vines the ground was trenched two feet deep, and the top soil put at the bottom. Stakes eight feet long were then set at the distance of seven feet apart each way; one vine was planted to each stake, and immediately cut down to two eyes.

And here let me say a word as to the time of setting the vines. My experience is greatly in favor of fall planting. A vine set in the autumn (and it should be done as soon as the leaf fall) will in three years be as strong and as capable of bearing a crop of fruit, as one of five years old set in the spring. The training of my vines is on one simple and ornamental. The first year two shoots are allowed to grow, and as they elongate, are carried spirally, both in the same direction, about five inches apart, around the stake, and this is continued until they reach the top. In the fall they should be pruned back to within eight inches of the ground, and the laterals to one eye.

Second year, continue the two canes from the two uppermost eyes, as directed in the first year. The laterals will require summer pruning. In the fall cut back the canes to within eighteen inches of last year's wood. Continue this course until the vine is established the whole length of the post—whatever surmounts it, is to be cut back. The fruit is borne upon the side shoots. The form of the vine may be shaped to the taste of the cultivator; that of the pyramid is decidedly the best.

These who understand the nature of the vine will readily perceive the advantage this system offers. The vine is thus kept at home. The light and air circulate freely through it. The buds break evenly; there is no tendency in one part to break the other of its due proportion of sap, and when once established, requires less care than any other mode of training.

Some of my vines, the first year after planting, were watered with sink-drain water, and being satisfied that it injured them, I have discontinued the practice, and have since root-pruned them, in order to check too free a growth of wood. Many of my neighbors injured their vines by giving them large quantities of stimulating manures, such as fresh stable manure, dead horses or other animal manure, thereby exciting them to make an increased growth of long-jointed wood. I grow my vines for the fruit, and am satisfied if they make a few feet of short-jointed wood, and the only manure (if manure it may be called) which I now give them is a top-dressing of antracite coal ashes.

The Diana, with me, has proved a great grower and free bearer; the bunches of good size, and the berries large, some of them measuring seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. It is a matter of surprise thus, the most delicious of our native grapes, should have received so little attention, while new varieties, greatly inferior to it in point of flavor, have been heralded as the greatest acquisition to our list of hardy vines.

The past season has not been favorable to the ripening of out-door grapes."

## DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

YOUNG CORN OMELET. To a dozen ears of fine young Indian corn, allow five eggs; boil the corn a quarter of an hour, and then, with a grater, grate it down from the cob; beat the eggs very light, and then stir gradually the grated corn into the pan of eggs; add a small salt-ponnion of salt and a little Cayenne; put into it hot frying pan equal quantities of lard and fresh butter, and stir them well together over the fire; when they boil, put in the mixture thick, and fry it, afterwards browning the top with a red-hot shovel or a salamander; transfer it, when done, to a heated dish, but do not fold it over. It will be found excellent. This is a good way of using boiled corn that has been left from dinner the preceding day.

## MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY.

Sixth Exhibition, to be held at Portland, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 23, 27, and 29, 1860.

## LIST OF PREMIUMS.

## DIVISION I.—LIVE STOCK.

[No animal shall be entered or allowed to compete for any more than one premium, excepting that working oxen may be entered to make up town or county teams, and breeding horses for the saddle or sport, excepting also that any person having cattle on the ground competing for other premiums, may put the same into his herd if he desire to compete for premium on herds.]

Class 1.—Horses.  
For best stallion, six years old and upwards, for all work, endurance and docility considered, his pedigree and some of his stock to be exhibited to mortals, \$25; 2d, 15; 3d, 10; 4th, 5; 5th, 3; 6th, 2; 7th, 1; 8th, 50c; 9th, 25c; 10th, 10c; 11th, 5c; 12th, 2c; 13th, 1c; 14th, 50c; 15th, 25c; 16th, 10c; 17th, 5c; 18th, 2c; 19th, 1c; 20th, 50c; 21st, 25c; 22nd, 10c; 23rd, 5c; 24th, 2c; 25th, 1c; 26th, 50c; 27th, 25c; 28th, 10c; 29th, 5c; 30th, 2c; 31st, 1c; 32nd, 50c; 33rd, 25c; 34th, 10c; 35th, 5c; 36th, 2c; 37th, 1c; 38th, 50c; 39th, 25c; 40th, 10c; 41st, 5c; 42nd, 2c; 43rd, 1c; 44th, 50c; 45th, 25c; 46th, 10c; 47th, 5c; 48th, 2c; 49th, 1c; 50th, 50c; 51st, 25c; 52nd, 10c; 53rd, 5c; 54th, 2c; 55th, 1c; 56th, 50c; 57th, 25c; 58th, 10c; 59th, 5c; 60th, 2c; 61st, 1c; 62nd, 50c; 63rd, 25c; 64th, 10c; 65th, 5c; 66th, 2c; 67th, 1c; 68th, 50c; 69th, 25c; 70th, 10c; 71st, 5c; 72nd, 2c; 73rd, 1c; 74th, 50c; 75th, 25c; 76th, 10c; 77th, 5c; 78th, 2c; 79th, 1c; 80th, 50c; 81st, 25c; 82nd, 10c; 83rd, 5c; 84th, 2c; 85th, 1c; 86th, 50c; 87th, 25c; 88th, 10c; 89th, 5c; 90th, 2c; 91st, 1c; 92nd, 50c; 93rd, 25c; 94th, 10c; 95th, 5c; 96th, 2c; 97th, 1c; 98th, 50c; 99th, 25c; 100th, 10c.

For best stallion, six years old and upwards, for all work, endurance and docility considered, his pedigree and some of his stock to be exhibited to mortals, \$25; 2d, 15; 3d, 10; 4th, 5; 5th, 3; 6th, 2; 7th, 1; 8th, 50c; 9th, 25c; 10th, 10c; 11th, 5c; 12th, 2c; 13th, 1c; 14th, 50c; 15th, 25c; 16th, 10c; 17th, 5c; 18th, 2c; 19th, 1c; 20th, 50c; 21st, 25c; 22nd, 10c; 23rd, 5c; 24th, 2c; 25th, 1c; 26th, 50c; 27th, 25c; 28th, 10c; 29th, 5c; 30th, 2c; 31st, 1c; 32nd, 50c; 33rd, 25c; 34th, 10c; 35th, 5c; 36th, 2c; 37th, 1c; 38th, 50c; 39th, 25c; 40th, 10c; 41st, 5c; 42nd, 2c; 43rd, 1c; 44th, 50c; 45th, 25c; 46th, 10c; 47th, 5c; 48th, 2c; 49th, 1c; 50th, 50c; 51st, 25c; 52nd, 10c; 53rd, 5c; 54th, 2c; 55th, 1c; 56th, 50c; 57th, 25c; 58th, 10c; 59th, 5c; 60th, 2c; 61st, 1c; 62nd, 50c; 63rd, 25c; 64th, 10c; 65th, 5c; 66th, 2c; 67th, 1c; 68th, 50c; 69th, 25c; 70th, 10c; 71st, 5c; 72nd, 2c; 73rd, 1c; 74th, 50c; 75th, 25c; 76th, 10c; 77th, 5c; 78th, 2c; 79th, 1c; 80th, 50c; 81st, 25c; 82nd, 10c; 83rd, 5c; 84th, 2c; 85th, 1c; 86th, 50c; 87th, 25c; 88th, 10c; 89th, 5c; 90th, 2c; 91st, 1c; 92nd, 50c; 93rd, 25c; 94th, 10c; 95th, 5c; 96th, 2c; 97th, 1c; 98th, 50c; 99th, 25c; 100th, 10c.

Class 2.—Improved Short-horn.  
[Certificate of pedigree required.]  
Through bred short horn bull, 3 yrs. old or over, \$25; 2d, 15; 3d, 10; 4th, 5; 5th, 3; 6th, 2; 7th, 1; 8th, 50c; 9th, 25c; 10th, 10c; 11th, 5c; 12th, 2c; 13th, 1c; 14th, 50c; 15th, 25c; 16th, 10c; 17th, 5c; 18th, 2c; 19th, 1c; 20th, 50c; 21st, 25c; 22nd, 10c; 23rd, 5c; 24th, 2c; 25th, 1c; 26th, 50c; 27th, 25c; 28th, 10c; 29th, 5c; 30th, 2c; 31st, 1c; 32nd, 50c; 33rd, 25c; 34th, 10c; 35th, 5c; 36th, 2c; 37th, 1c; 38th, 50c; 39th, 25c; 40th, 10c; 41st, 5c; 42nd, 2c; 43rd, 1c; 44th, 50c; 45th, 25c; 46th, 10c; 47th, 5c; 48th, 2c; 49th, 1c; 50th, 50c; 51st, 25c; 52nd, 10c; 53rd, 5c; 54th, 2c; 55th, 1c; 56th, 50c; 57th, 25c; 58th, 10c; 59th, 5c; 60th, 2c; 61st, 1c; 62nd, 50c; 63rd, 25c; 64th, 10c; 65th, 5c; 66th, 2c; 67th, 1c; 68th, 50c; 69th, 25c; 70th, 10c; 71st, 5c; 72nd, 2c; 73rd, 1c; 74th, 50c; 75th, 25c; 76th, 10c; 77th, 5c; 78th, 2c; 79th, 1c; 80th, 50c; 81st, 25c; 82nd, 10c; 83rd, 5c; 84th, 2c; 85th, 1c; 86th, 50c; 87th, 25c; 88th, 10c; 89th, 5c; 90th, 2c; 91st, 1c; 92nd, 50c; 93rd, 25c; 94th, 10c; 95th, 5c; 96th, 2c; 97th, 1c; 98th, 50c; 99th, 25c; 100th, 10c.

Class 3.—Herefords and Grade Herefords.  
[Certificate of pedigree required.]  
Full blood Hereford bull, 3 yrs. old or over, \$25; 2d, 15; 3d, 10; 4th, 5; 5th, 3; 6th, 2; 7th, 1; 8th, 50c; 9th, 25c

THE BATTLE OF MELAZZO. One of the most desperate and obstinately contested battles which has marked the progress of Sicilian independence under Garibaldi, is that of Melazzo, the result of which has relieved Sicily forever of the hated

from to march his victorious soldiers against Naples, the last remaining strong hold of despotism in Italy. The *Paris Press* published a letter from M. Alexander Dumas, describing the engagement at Melazzo, of which he was an eye witness. The following are extracts :—

“At dawn on the 20th, all the troops were in movement to attack the Neapolitans, who had

which they occupied. Melincini commanded the left; Gen. Medici and Cosenz the centre while the right was composed of a few companies only, intended to cover the centre and left wings from surprise. Garibaldi was in the centre, where the action was expected to be the sharpest. The firing began on the left from the Neapolitan outpost, concealed in a reed bed half-way between Meri and Melazzo. A quarter of an hour later the centre attacked the Neapolitan line, and drove

dislodged the Neapolitans from some houses which they occupied. As the difficulties of the ground prevented reinforcements from arriving, Bosco, with 6000 men turned upon the 500 or 600 who had driven him back. The latter were at first obliged to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy; but when other troops came up to their aid, they again attacked the enemy, many of whom were still concealed among reeds and protected by fig trees, so that a charge with the

Medici, while advancing at the head of his men had a horse killed under him. Cosenez was struck in the neck by a spent ball and fell; he was for a moment supposed to be mortally wounded, but he was only stunned, and almost instantly he was on his legs again shouting 'Viva Italia!' Garibaldi, at the head of the Genoese Carbineers and some guides, attempted to take the enemy in the

centre of the road, and which he determined to attack. When within twenty paces the cannon loaded with grape, was fired by the King's troops. The effect was terrible; only five or six men remained standing. Garibaldi had part of his horse and his stirrup carried away; his horse was also wounded and he was compelled to alight. Major Breda and his trumpeter were killed by his side.

left standing unhurt in the midst of the iron storm; all the others were killed or wounded. The gun which had done all this mischief was taken soon after. Then the Neapolitan infantry opened and gave passage to a charge of fifty cavalry for the purpose of retaking the piece. Colonel Denou's men, who had been but little under fire, threw themselves to the sides of the road instead of receiving the charge on their bayonets. The cavalry came like a whirlwind, the Sicilians firing from both sides.

mander of the Neapolitan cavalry stopped and wanted to turn back, but found the passage barred by General Garibaldi, Misori, Statelli, and five or six men. The General seized the officer's bridle, and cried out 'Surrender!' The officer replied with a blow of his sabre which Garibaldi parried, and by a back stroke cut the officer's cheek open. The latter fell from his horse. Meanwhile, three or four sabres were raised against the General, who wounded one of his

killed two others and the horse of the third with his revolver. Statella brought down one antagonist, while another, who sprang at Misora's throat, was killed by the fourth shot of his revolver. While this struggle was drawing to a close, Garibaldi rallied his scattered men, charged with them, and either took or killed the rest of the fifty horsemen. Seconded by his centre,

Swiss with the bayonet. The Neapolitans fled once, but the Bavarians and Swiss made a stand before they gave way. This decided the fate of the day."


When Ensign Stebbens remarked that was in favor of the Maine Law but opposed to enforcement, he could not have been grosser of

"A beautiful young girl approaches the young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with her charge: 'Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and have appointed me to examine you according to our

quiescence. She gently steps close up to you, li-  
her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back  
her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form up to  
her tip-toes, her bosom against your own, and  
with her angelic features lit up with a smile  
sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pout-  
sweet, candy, sugar, molasses, honey, butter, egg-  
strawberry, cream, baby-jumper, apple-pie, tea-

THE PARAGUAY CLAIM. It is announced by the Commissioners for the examination of the claims of American citizens upon Paraguay, amounting

foundation in law or justice. It will be remembered that the famous Paraguayan expedition was sent out by our government for the purpose of enforcing these claims, at a cost probably of millions of dollars, without effecting the object.

 The Boston Aldermen have refused to grant

for a sparring exhibition in that city. Application was then made to the selectmen of North Chelsea for permission to exhibit the "manly art of self-defence" in that town, and it was granted for a consideration.

who is less than six feet high. We learn a fact that a company of "little giants" is about being formed in this city—nobody admitted over five feet in height and stout in proportion.

The United States Convention of Universalists will meet in Boston on the third Tuesday September.

It is said that the increase of population in the north part of Aroostook county, is astonishing. There has been a steady flow of emigrants thither from the Canadian French settlements between Quebec and River Du Loup, and not only this, but the natural increase of the population has been very large. One family of twenty-seven children is reported, and several

**FIRE IN BRUNSWICK.** On Friday evening last a barn belonging to Mr. Thomas M. Thoren in Brunswick, containing ten tons of hay, grain, and other articles, was entirely consumed. It was destroyed by an incendiary.

The house of Greenleaf Stackpole, about four miles from this village, on the Backus road, was entirely destroyed by fire last Sunday evening. Nothing was saved from the building — *Ellenworth American*.

DEATH FROM MORPHINE. The 4th inst., M. J. Eliphalet Tucker, of Perry, by mistake took a salaried position, thinking it to be a cream to be

**A Normal School for Washington County** is to be located at Calais, in connection with the **Academy**.



## The Muse.

## SUMMER.

The fields year in its golden prime,  
The daisies in a hazy haze,  
And round the altars of our summer shrine  
The bluebirds sing and play.

Upon the meadow daisies lie,  
And in the valley steps a shade of green,  
White fields of waving wheat incline the sight,  
Like gold of God's own blessing.

The ploughman bends beneath the weary tree,  
The stream curls slowly round the hoofs of cattle,  
And o'er the meadow flows the drowsing bee,  
Fresh from the flower's battle.

Soft through the southern meadows of the vine,  
I hear the birds unto each other calling;  
And in the basket of the gleaner,  
The tropic dews are falling.

Far in the distance rolls the sluggish sea,  
With not enough of life to all its breathing,  
To bid the sail from its rude bonds free,  
And spare its human wrestling.

On all these rests a hazy haze,  
The spell of poetry in the bloom,  
And Nature's spirit dawns in a haze,  
Caught from high heaven's beam.

The Past and Future blend in one sweet sleep,  
The world's a dream, and care a hazy haze,  
Whose tears, however badly he may weep,  
Are but the dews of Summer.

## The Story Teller.

## A SUPERNATURAL SKETCH.

## AN INEXPLICABLE STORY.

[From the German.]

At the corner of the Rue des Kabans, opposite the chapel of St. Schald, in Nuremberg, there stands a little inn and narrow, with notched gables, and dim window-panes, and its roof mounted by a plaster Virgin. In this I passed the saddest days of my life. I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters, but the want of money had compelled me to have recourse to painting portraits—and such portraits! Fat gossamer, with their cats on their knees, adorned in perukes, burgomasters in three-cornered hats, &c.—all brilliant with other and vermilion.

From porta to I descended to sketches, then to profiles; at last, even these failed me.

There is nothing more pitiable than to have constantly at your heels a landlord with thin lips a screaming voice, and an impudent air, who never loses a chance to call out: "Are you going to pay me, Monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to? Oh, no! of course this does not trouble you. Monsieur cat, drinks and sleeps quietly. The good Lord takes care of the little sparrows. Monsieur only owes two hundred florins and ten kreutzers. A mere trifle; not worth the trouble of mentioning."

Those who have never heard this gamut sounding in their ears can form no idea of the horror of it. The love of art, imagination, the lofty enthusiasm for the beautiful—whether at the weak breath of such a rascal. You become weak and tired; you lose even the sentiment of your personal dignity, and salute at a distance, and respectfully, the most clownish of burgomasters.

One night, having not a sou in my pocket, and being threatened with a prison by the worthy master Rapp, I sat down on my trunk, and thought myself up to reflection. The thought of suicide entered my head; and the more I reflected, the more desirable such an exit from my troubles appeared to my mind. So numerous and convincing were the arguments in its favor which thronged upon me, that I dared not look at my razor, lest the irresistible force of logic should compel me to commit bankruptcy by cutting my throat. At length I blew out my candle and threw myself on the bed, with a determination to come to a decision on the next day.

My dreams were usually of the abominable Rapp; my one desire to get money that I might rid myself of his odious presence. But this night a singular revolution took place in my mind. In about an hour I rose, then wrapping myself in an old grey coat, I began to trace on paper a rapid sketch in the Dutch style—something strange, fantastic, quite apart from my habitual conceptions.

Imagine to yourself a somber court, inclosed by high dilapidated walls. These walls, garnished with hooks seven or eight feet from the ground, suggest at once a slaughter-house. On the left, through a trellis-work of lath, you discern a quartered oak, suspended by strong pulleys from the ceiling; drops of blood trickling from it collect in a gutter obstructed by the refuse of the shambles. The light in the court comes from above, where chimneys, and weather-cocks, and stork-roofs of houses are relieved against the angle of the sky. At the extremity is a shed; beneath it a wood-pile, upon which is a ladder, and scattered around are seen ropes, bundles of straw a rabbit hut, and hen coops, past service.

How did these heterogeneous details come into my head? I cannot tell. I had no remembrance of any such place, and yet every stroke of the pencil seemed by its truthfulness an exact copy. Nothing was wanting.

But on the right a corner of the sketch remained bare. I did not know what to put there; but I was disgusted, agitated as I looked upon it. Suddenly I saw a foot, but it was in a reverse position, and detached from the ground. Spite of its improbability, I followed the inspiration and sketched it, without stopping to account for my fancy. Then the leg appeared and a portion of the dress. At length the whole figure—an old woman, haggard, was, dishevelled, thrown down on the edge of a well, struggling against a strong hand which had grasped her throat.

It was a murder that I was sketching! The crayon fell from my hands. The old woman—her face contracted by terror, her form bent over the margin of the well, both hands grasping the hand of her murderer—terrified me I dared not look at her. But the man—the murderer—did not look at her. I could not see him. It was impossible to finish my sketch. The sweat drops stood upon my brow. "Am I fatigued," I said. "But little remains to be done. I will complete it to-morrow," and I retired by the vision, I lay down upon the bed and in five minutes slept profoundly.

The next day, as I was about to resume my work, a knock resounded at the door. "Come in," I called out, and a man somewhat advanced in years, tall, thin, and dressed in black appeared upon the threshold. The whole physiognomy of the man—his closely approximating eyes, his large aquiline nose, his lofty, broad and bony brow—had something severe and imposing. He saluted me gravely.

"M. Christian Venius, the artist?" he said. "That is my name, sir."

"The Baron Frederic Van Spreckel."

The apparition in my poor garret of this amateur, judge of the criminal court, impressed me strongly. I threw a glance upon my worn-out furniture, tattered drapery, and dirty floor, and felt humiliated; but Van Spreckel appeared to pay no attention to these details.

"Master Venius," he resumed, "I have come,"

But at the moment his eyes were arrested by the unfinished sketch, and he stopped.

"Are you the author of this sketch?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price of it?"

"I do not sell my sketches. It is a design for a picture."

"Ah!" said he; and lifting the paper with his long, yellow finger, he took an eye-glass from his waistcoat pocket, and began to study it attentively. The pencil was so great that I heard distinctly the plaintive buzzing of a fly caught in a spider's web.

"And what will be the dimensions of the picture, Master Venius?" he said at length, without looking at me.

"Three by four."

"And the price?"

"Fifty ducats."

Van Spreckel laid the sketch down on the table, and drawing from his pocket a long purse of green silk, began to slip the rings along. "Fifty ducats," he said, and counting them out, "here they are."

He rose, saluted me, and departed; while I sat stupefied, listening to the clink of his ivory hand as he came upon the staircase.

When I had recovered from my stupefaction, I sat down to finish my sketch. A few strokes of the pencil, and it would be finished. But these few strokes were out of my power. The inspiration was over. The mysterious murder would not discharge himself from the convolutions of my brain. I tried again and again. I forced myself to draw; but the results were as discordant as a figure of Raphael in a Dutch inn of Flanders.

At this moment, Rapp, according to his praiseworthy custom, opened the door without knocking. His eyes fell upon the pile of ducats, and he shrieked:

"Ah, ah! I have caught you, Monsieur painter! You pretended you had no money!" and he extended his crooked fingers with that nervous trembling which the sight of gold always produces in a miser.

The remembrance of all the insults I had suffered from him exasperated me. With a single bound, I seized him, and thrusting him over the threshold, flattered his nose with the door. The old usurer shrieked:

"My money, thief! robber! my money!" till every ladder in the house ran out, asking, "What is the matter?" I opened the door quickly, and with a single stroke of the foot sent Master Rapp rolling down the staircase.

"That is the matter," I said; and closing my door, I double-locked it, while the shouts of laughter from the neighbors saluted the old miser in his progress down stairs.

This adventure had inspired me, and I resumed my work with some prospect of success; but an unaccounted noise soon interrupted my labors. It was the click of arms and the tramp of men ascending the staircase. A cold chill ran over me. Can I have broken that rascal's neck? and are they coming to seize me? There was a knock at my door and a rough voice said:

"In the name of the law, open!"

I thought of escaping by the window over the roof; but a vertigo seized me at a mere glance at the dizzy height. Again the summons came:

"Open, or we will break down the door!"

I turned the key and saw the chief of police.

"I arrest you," he said, and made a sign to two men who seized me by the collar, while the others rummaged my garret. "March!" was the next order, and I descended the staircase, supported under each arm, like a consumptive in his third stage of illness.

They put me into a hackney coach. I asked what I had done, but they only exchanged significant smiles. Soon a deep shadow enveloped us; the steps of the horses resounded under a vault. We had entered the prison. The jailer shut me up in a cell as tranquilly as if he had been putting a pair of stockings in a drawer, thinking all the time of something else. I looked all around my cell. It had been newly white-washed, and there was nothing upon the walls but a rude sketch of a gibbet, drawn by my predecessor. The light came from an aperture nine or ten feet from the floor, and the furniture consisted of a bed of straw. I sat down upon the straw, with my hands around my knees, and gave myself up to despair. I had killed Rapp. He had denounced me before dying. I should be hung as his murderer. I started up, coughing, as if the hempen cravat already pressed my throat.

Again the jailer appeared, and ordered me to follow him. He conducted me through long galleries to a somber hall with benches arranged in a semi-circle, opposite which, on an elevated seat, were two persons with their backs to the light, and their faces in the shadow; but as one of them turned to his companion, I recognized the aquiline profile of Van Spreckel.

Beneath them at a low table, was seated a clerk, tickling the tip of his ear with the feather of his quill.

"Christian Venius," said Van Spreckel, "where did you get this sketch?" showing me my nocturnal work, of which they had taken possession at the time of my arrest.

"I am the author of it."

There was a long silence. The clerk took down my answer; and as I listened to the scratching of his pen, I wondered what that had to do with the kick I had given to Rapp.

"You are the author of it," said Van Spreckel, "where did you get the subject?"

"It is a fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details anywhere?"

"No, sir; I have imagined them all."

"And this woman," pursued the judge, "who is murdered on the edge of the well; have you imagined her, also?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."

Van Spreckel rose as if indignant, then seating himself he appeared to consult his colleague in a low voice. Suddenly he said to the jailer:

"Take the prisoner to the carriage. We are going to the Motzstrasse."

I was placed in a carriage with two policemen. One of them on the way offered a pinch of snuff to his comrade. I extended my fingers mechanically to the box? He drew it quickly back. The blood mounted upon my face, and I turned away my head to conceal my emotion.

"If you look out of the windows," said the man of the snuff-box, we shall be obliged to put manacles on you."

When the carriage stopped, one of them alighted while the other held me by the collar; then seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he pushed me out rudely. We entered a narrow alley, with broken, irregular pavement. A yellowish fog stood upon the walls, exhaling a fetid odor. I walked in darkness, with two men behind me. Farther on appeared the light of an interior court.

As I advanced, a feeling of terror took possession of me, like the unnatural horror of a nightmare. I recoiled instinctively.

"Go on!" cried one of the policemen behind me, putting his hand on my shoulder, "march!"

My terror was no longer instinctive when I saw before me the court which I had sketched the night before; its walls garnished with hooks, the wood-pile, the ladder, the rabbit-hut, the hen-coop, etc. Not a skylight, great or small, high or low, not a cracked window-pane, not a single detail had been omitted. I was thunder-struck at this strange revelation.

Near the wall were the two judges. At their feet was the old woman, lying on her back, her

long gray hair straggling over her form, her face livid, her eyes unnaturally wide, her tongue between her teeth. It was a horrible spectacle!

"Well!" said Van Spreckel, in a solemn tone, "what have you to say?"

I was silent.

"Do you confess that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well, after having strangled her, that you might steal her money?"

"No," I cried, "no, I do not know this woman. I have never seen her. May God help me!"

"That is enough," he replied, in a dry voice, and departed with his companions. I was carried back to the prison in a state of profound stupidity. I knew not what to think. My conscience, even, began to trouble me. I asked myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman. I passed a wretched night of doubt, bewilderment, despair.

With the dawn some of my black thoughts disappeared. I felt more confidence in myself, and at the same time, a desire to see what was going on in the world without. Other prisoners before me had climbed to the narrow aperture. They had dug holes in the wall that they might move more easily. I climbed there in my turn, and, when stretching my neck forward, I saw the crowd, the life, the movement, tears flowed abundantly down my cheeks. I thought no more of suicide. I experienced the strongest desire to live. They might condemn me to the hardest labor, they might attach a cannon ball to my leg, if they would only let me live; to live was to be happy.

The old market, opposite my window, with its roof like an extinguisher resting on heavy pillars offered a fine spectacle. The old women, seated by their baskets of vegetables, their cages of poultry and baskets of eggs behind them; the Jews, old clothes dealers, with faces the color of box-wood; the butchers, with naked arms, chopping meat at their stalls; the peasants, with large felt hats planted on the nape of the neck, their hands behind their backs, and smoking tranquilly their pipes; then the noise, the tumult of the crowd, the tones of the voice, the expressive gestures, the unexpected attitudes which betray at a distance the progress of a dispute, or paint the character of an individual—all this captivated me, and in spite of my sad position, I felt happy to be in the world.

While I was looking on, a man passed with his back bent, bearing an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders. His arms were naked, his elbows in the air, and his head inclined on his breast. His floating hair, like that of Salvo's, "Siemebre," concealed his face; and at the first glance, a thrill ran through my veins.

"It is he!" I exclaimed.

The blood rushed to my heart. I descended into my cell. My whole frame trembled.

"It is he!" I stammered, with a half choked voice. "He is there—there—and I—I am about to die to expiate his crime. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A sudden thought from Heaven inspired me. I put my hand into my pocket; my prayers were there. Then, springing to the wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with almost superhuman energy. No more uncertainty; no more hesitating experiment. I knew the man. I had seen him. I reproduced him before me. As ten o'clock the jailer appeared in my cell. His owl-stupidity gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible?" he cried, standing on the threshold.

"Go seek my judges," I said, pursuing my work with increased exultation.

"They are waiting for you in the criminal hall," he replied.

"I wish to make some revelation," I continued, putting the last touch to the mysterious personage.

In a few minutes the two judges came. They looked on stupefied. With one hand extended to the picture, and trembling in every limb, I called out:

"There is the assassin!"

Van Spreckel, after a moment's silence, asked his name.

"I do not know it," I answered, "but he is there now in the market, in the third stall at the left, chopping meat."

"What do you think of it?" said he, turning towards his colleague.

"Let them find the man," replied the other, in a grave tone.

Some of the keepers went out to obey the order. The judge remained standing, looking at the picture. I sank down upon the straw, with my head between my knees, exhausted with excitement.

The noise of steps beneath the sounding arches of the corridor aroused me. The man entered. Von Spreckel pointed in silence to the picture. He looked at it a moment, turned pale, then, with a roar, that chilled us with terror, he struck out of the door. There was a fearful contest in the corridor. We heard the panting respiration of the butcher, low imprecations, brief words and the sound of struggling feet. It was over. The man re-entered. His head was bowed, his eyes blood-shot; his hands bowed behind his back. He fixed his gaze once more upon the picture, appeared to reflect, then, in a voice, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"Who could have seen me?—at midnight!" I was saved.

Many years have passed since this terrible adventure. I no longer cut frolics, or paint portraits of burgomasters. By dint of labor and perseverance, with the blessing of God, I gain an honorable subsistence by such labors as can alone satisfy the aspirations of a true artist. But the remembrance of the nocturnal sketch has never left me. Sometimes, in the midst of my finest efforts, the thought of it returns, and I lay down my palette and dream for hours.

How could a crime, committed by a man I did not know, in a place which I had never seen, be reproduced under my pencil, even to its smallest details? Was it a chance? No! And, besides, what is chance, after all, but the effect of a cause of which we are ignorant?

Schiller was right when he said: "The immortal soul does not share the imperfections of matter; when the body sleeps, it unfolds its radiant wings, and wanders. God knows whither." Nature is bolder in her realities than the imagination of man in its wildest fancies.

A COMMITTEE IN SCHOOL. We have the following good one from an authentic source—A sub-committee of a School Board, not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question:—"If I had a mine and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half of the pie for myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left?"

Up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow.

The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. That boy was excused from answering any more questions.—Boston Journal.

## JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

We find in the New York Evening Post a long and very interesting letter from Japan, written by R. H. Dana, Jr., Esq., of Boston, from which we make liberal extracts. The skillful manner in which Mr. Dana treats of Japanese industry and civilization, renders the letter one of the most intelligent and valuable papers on Japan which has yet been published:

## EFFECT OF FOREIGN TRADE AND INTERCOURSE.

"I was so fortunate as to be able to visit all the ports now open to foreigners—Nagasaki, Kanagawa (which includes Yokohama) and Hakodadi—thus visiting each of the three islands and circumnavigating the group. The effect of foreign trade and intercourse is already obvious. Kanagawa, the port of Yeddo, and now the chief port of foreigners in July, 1859. I was there nine months afterwards. I found a town grown up at Yokohama with almost the fabulous growth of a California city. What in June, 1859, was a little collection of Japanese cottages, with a few rural temples, farm-houses, and groves on the hill-side, is now a town of some five or six thousand Japanese inhabitants, with streets broad and straight, a strong police, a fire department, street barriers and gates, fire-proof store-houses, two miles of solid masonry jutting into the harbor, and innumerable shops for the sale of labor, and other commodities. The effect of foreign trade and intercourse is already obvious. 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